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AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 15, 1859.

NO. 62.



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

DECEMBER.

The ancients commenced the year with March. This makes the tenth month from that starting point, and hence it was called December or Tenth-month. With us, however, according to the present mode of reckoning, it is the twelfth month, and therefore the last month of the year. It is considered to be the first winter month, and with us, in Maine, it is sometimes the coldest month in the year, although not always so.

It is rather a busy month to the farmer. It brings him to the work of the two extremes of the year, viz: to the closing up of the summer campaign, and to the commencement of winter operations.

Many of us find the winter king upon our heels before we are fairly ready for him, and therefore we have to leave some preparations for his coming not quite finished and betake ourselves to the business which the pressure of the season demands. One of these is the feeding and care of stock.

Stock of all kinds has now come to the barn in good earnest. As the change from pasture to fodder is rather a severe one, it is a duty to pay particular attention to the feeding, watering and keeping them comfortable and clean. The first requisite is shelter and warmth.

We generally house them, which is well; but there is another custom, which experience in the practice of it many years leads us to believe is not well; and that is, giving them our rough fodder in preference to our best, reserving that for further advance in the winter and spring. Would it not be better to give them good fodder first and reserve the rough to mid-winter when they have become more accustomed to dry food, and from the rigors of the season, more inclined to eat it than when but recently taken from the pasture?

Another call upon us is to keep warm. This, in our latitude, is always a loud call. It is to be hoped that you have the means for this. But whether you have or not, a new supply for the ensuing year will be needed, and you will find it an excellent plan to attend to replenishing the wood-pile early in the season before the snow gets so deep as to make it difficult for yourself and team to get about in the woods. The getting together the fuel is one important part of this business. It is the active and reliable capital to work upon. The mode of using it is another important branch. In olden times, when wood was plentiful, there was but one mode of using it for warmth, and that was by burning it in open fireplaces. These were all of one fashion, but varying in size. As fuel became scarce the ingenuity of man was taxed to devise ways and means for economizing fuel, and hence stores of all sorts, sizes, shapes and descriptions, have become the order of the day. We have, open stoves and close stoves, upright stoves, cook-stoves, furnaces in sight and furnaces out of sight, wood stoves, coal stoves, cast-iron stoves, and all of which are put into requisition accordingly as taste, means, wants and convenience may demand. Amid all this profusion of apparatus to accomplish the one great object—that of keeping warm—it oftentimes becomes a serious question which to adopt. The mere act of keeping warm is not all. We must keep our health too; and to do this we must have pure air. Our rooms should not only be kept at a suitable temperature, but they should be properly ventilated and a supply of pure air continually kept up, and the temperature also be kept uniform and not varying from one extreme to the other. Brother Brown, editor of the *New England Farmer*, recommends heating by steam, as altogether most uniform and healthy. He has a pleasant talk upon this subject in his paper of last week, and is a little facetious withal. We here copy his remarks for the benefit of some of his more northern brethren:

"The mere matter of warming our houses, by the way, forms a pretty important item in our preparations for winter, and we are inclined to think the *ne plus ultra* has not yet been invented, and that a triumph still remains for somebody in this line. The old-fashioned fireplace is faultless as it regards ventilation, or as an ornamental object, merely; but it lacks the one essential quality of warming the room! You may sit and gaze at it in a poetic ecstacy, and see all manner of things in the coals, and think how your great-grandmother sat by just such a fire, but you feel a cold wind playing about your ankles; you change your seat, and a blast sweeps over your shoulders, and creeps down the back of your neck; you change your seat again, and are greeted by a gale from that coast, which always howls as if it had a squalling child shut up in it, and you begin to think the customs of your ancestors may be improved upon in some respects. You next try an upright stove. It is an invention of the adversary, unattended by the proper ventilation. Why! a pair of bellows could not blow in such an atmosphere! But it is cheap, and does warm the room,—so upright stoves are almost universally used where wood alone is burned, and will be, till something shall be invented possessing these advantages, and some besides.

All furnaces are open to one objection. There is no "angle-side" to gather around—no bright, cheerful fire to form a centre of attraction for the family group,—and the heat, moreover, is by no means as agreeable as that of an open fireplace, provided you could contrive to escape the draughts attendant thereon. But of all contrivances yet discovered for warming dwellings, manufactories, workshops, or public buildings, nothing is so healthful, so easily managed and cheap in the long run, as steam. A moderate amount of steam will pervade and warm a large room, much quicker than furnace or stove heat,—and there are no outlets for the escape of air, there will be no cold currents as in the case of open stoves or fireplaces. The reason why steam is not more

generally employed,—though it is now coming into use in private dwellings,—is the first cost of the fixtures. As the materials for conducting steam are expensive, and as the work must be exact, the first cost is higher than for any other mode of heating; but in the use of steam for a series of years, there is so much saving of fuel, that the cost of fixtures would be paid for in that item."

But keeping warm and in good health, is only a part of the business which "Old Mr. December" demands of us. He crowds more upon us than we can tell you in a week. Our district schools commence, and the boys and girls must be put into school-going trim; they must have new clothes, and new shoes, and new boots, and new books, and a lot of other "fixins" to match. Our beef and our pork must be butchered, and the surplus preserved, in some form or other, for supplies during the coming year. The sleds and sleighs and other winter gear must be put into working shape. Our marketing, if any we have, must be done, and family supplies laid in, that the inclemency of the weather may not find us short in the larder, when forced to keep within doors.

Above all, we should be well prepared with the means of pleasantly and profitably spending the long winter evenings, in reading, in writing, and in such innocent social recreations as shall instruct as well as amuse, and fit us for our duties here and our happiness hereafter.

FISH CULTURE.

We last week made a few remarks on this subject. Below we copy from the *New England Farmer* some interesting facts on the manner of propagating the trout which will be read with interest by many of our subscribers.

Mr. Editor: I notice in the *Farmer* of Oct. 22d, that a correspondent describes his facilities for fish culture, and inquires, "What kind would be most suitable, and in what manner would it be best to confine them?" In your reply you refer him to me for information. I am happy to respond to any question relating to the propagation of the common brook trout, (having never investigated the habits of any other species,) if I have any information which the public does not already possess. Before referring to my own personal experience and observation on the subject, I will reply to Mr. Howes, by saying, that if he has constructed a pond where he can maintain a living stream through it of the dimensions stated, it is perhaps the best natural arrangement that can be procured for the common brook trout, providing he can keep out other kinds of fish. If the stream running into the pond is provided with a gravelly bottom, it is perfectly in keeping with the habits of the brook trout to ascend the rivulet during the month of October, deposit their eggs, cover them up, and descend to the deepest part of the pond for their winter quarters about the last of November. If Mr. Howes can now add a fixture whereby he can prevent the "young fry" returning to the pond too soon, his arrangement will be nearly complete.

I have but one year's experience in my "trout disputation," as it is sometimes called, but this experience has proved a complete triumph in some respects, but in others a partial failure. I have proved to myself, at least, that the parent trout will readily domesticate and familiarize themselves to artificial arrangements, so as to deposit and cover up their eggs, and leave them to hatch out after the natural process, without limit or failure. To my mind, this is an interesting consideration, inasmuch as it relieves us from all the difficult and labor of artificial propagation.

Having discovered this it only remains to secure the young fish from being destroyed by the older, who feed upon them. To do this effectually, several ponds or ponds must be provided, so as to classify and preserve them; an object not often obtained without considerable expense. With such provisions as I have intimated, there is manifestly no limit to the natural production of the trout.

In my efforts to hatch them artificially, I did not succeed, and I think it was owing wholly to the fact that I did not follow the teachings of the female trout, and cover up the eggs with gravel. Following the directions of writers who have published on the subject, I found no difficulty in commencing both male and female, and procuring thereby the materials necessary for the artificial propagation; and for about one month every appearance corresponded to results stated in published accounts. But eventually, they all turned white, which was evidence that they had lost vitality. This is one of the failures alluded to above. The other was that the connection between the spawning ground and the home of the brood fish was not sufficiently secured by wire screening, so as to prevent the young brood getting in with the parent fish, and before I was aware of it, schools of them were there, and becoming less every day, in consequence of the voracious habits of the older fish; under these circumstances, and having no facilities for separating them, the result was, that when I drew off the pond to transfer the brood trout to the spawning bed fish I found only about thirty of last winter's hatchling. These varied from three to five inches in length, and when first discovered about the first of last April, they were from one-half to three-fourths inch. As I have watched the movements and propensities of the trout, I am convinced that the destruction of the younger by the older is immense, when not prevented by artificial arrangements.

As the results of close observation, I have come to the conclusion that the young associate with the old, indiscriminately, until they find that instead of natural protectors their parents are natural enemies. They then proceed forthwith to shallow water, or hiding places, where the older cannot follow, and thus a few, comparatively, are preserved.

CHARLES HUMPHREY.

Lancaster Mass., Nov. 1, 1859.

UNFERMENTED WINE.

John Rankin, of Brown Co., Ohio, in a communication to the *Ohio Cultivator* in regard to the increase of grape culture and manufacture of wine in that State, says that a process has been discovered by which the fermentation of the grape juice has been arrested, and thereby the evil effects of intoxication by its use prevented. Mr.

James Reynolds of Ripley, in that State, he says, has planted a vineyard for the purpose of manufacturing unfermented wine, and is now bottling fourteen hundred gallons of pure juice of the grape. He states that it is clear, rich and delicious, free from any intoxicating principle, and far surpasses in flavor all intoxicating wines.

Mr. Rankin does not say what the process is that is thus efficient, but we guess it is done by adding sulphate of lime in the same way that it is added to cider to prevent the fermentation of that article.

THE FRAZER SILVER FIR.

A correspondent of the *American Agriculturist*, over the signature of "Connecticut," recommends the culture of the Frazer Silver Fir as being one of the finest of evergreens.

We would like to know wherein this fir differs from that of the Silver Fir of our forests. The writer above named says that it was discovered by Frazer, in the mountains of Carolina, that it grows on "Greylock," in Williamstown, Mass., and in Burlington, Vermont. If it is a different species from ours, or is more beautiful, or any way preferable, we should like to be informed.

Our evergreens, such as the arbutus vine or cedar, hemlock, spruce, silver fir and pines, are all beautiful trees, but so common that few know or seem to realize it.

For the Maine Farmer.

HOUSING AND FEEDING COLTS.

As the season has arrived when stock-growers find it necessary to put their stock into winter quarters, perhaps it may not be amiss to make a few remarks upon what appears to be the best method of "housing and feeding colts."

It is my impression, that too little care is taken, both in protecting colts from our inclement winter, and in selecting the right kind of food suited to the age and wants of this class of stock. So far as my observation extends, those farmers who raise colts, for the most part, think it of little consequence how a colt is lodged or accommodated, provided they find enough for it to eat. Now, I am led to believe by some slight experience, that it is really very important that weanlings and yearlings be thoroughly protected from the cold and wet during the fall and winter.

It is very important that no injury should happen to the constitution of an animal so susceptible as a colt during its first year, the future usefulness of the animal being in proportion as its constitutional powers are sound or unsound. That unsoundness may be the effect of ill-breeding—that it may occur by inheritance from dam or sire, I do not doubt; but this is equally true, that a sound colt may be ruined by neglect, and its constitution so impaired during the first year of its life, that no after care or treatment can ever restore it. The form and symmetry of the future horse, are, to a great degree, developed during this period. Although, under the hardest usage, we see the general configuration of the parents, yet good treatment during the first eighteen months may be said to give figure, symmetry, alertness, buoyancy, and that peculiar grace of movement rarely observable in animals whose first winter was passed in shivering over straw or meadow hay, in a cold barn-yard or barn.

It is a fact well established, that a large proportion of the food which should go to develop muscles and bone, and to form strong joints in growing animals, goes to sustain animal warmth, when animals are left exposed; therefore less warmth, strength and spirit are the result. Animals nurtured under such circumstances, must, necessarily, go to grass comparatively weak, and are extremely liable to accident to the joints and muscles during the following summer. They have not stamina enough to sustain the shocks and bruises incident to unrestrained freedom. Give colts a warm stable well ventilated, a yard well protected from winds, a shed to protect against wet, under which they can go at pleasure, and you will not only raise them cheaply, but have the satisfaction of seeing healthy animals when ready for use or market.

Now as to feed. My method of feeding may be far from the best, but the results are more satisfactory than any other plan I know. I will quickly adopt a better when any one will show better results.

To commence with the dam while pregnant, I endeavor to keep her in a thriving condition, not fat, but in excellent working order—working her moderately until within two or three weeks of foaling. At this time commencing giving from 6 to 8 lbs. of scalded oat meal; this feed is increased as appears desirable, as the time of foaling approaches. This is done in order to induce a large secretion of milk; continue this feed for two or four weeks after foaling. This treatment will insure a large, strong, well-formed colt, in almost all cases.

Three months after foaling, commence giving the colt a handful of oats daily, which are gradually increased until the colt is four months old, at which time he should, in most cases, be weaned. Many excellent stock-breeders keep the colt by the dam five or six months, and many give cow's milk after weaning, but when the dam is kept breeding this is not a good practice. During the fifth month I give 1 qt. of oats, and 1 qt. of scalded carrots, if carrots are in season; during the sixth and seventh month feed 2 qts. of oats and 1 of carrots,—if carrots cannot be had and grass is out of season, give two or three feeds per week of scalded bran, 2 qts. to a feed. When weaning commence the colt should be placed in a small enclosure or have access to a large yard in order to have plenty of exercise. It is much better to wean several together in the same yard.

In giving grain to colts I should object to using any kind but oats, as this grain goes mostly to form muscles and bone, while corn or corn meal is heating; and any more roots than is sufficient to keep the animal in condition tends to fat, which is not wanted. Colts should have all the good hay they will eat, and water and salt *ad libitum*.

If poultry are kept near the colts, examine carefully and often for lice upon them; rubbing the mane or tail is indication of them. Should they be found, lose no time in driving them off. Animals cannot thrive with these pests upon them. I have used many preparations effectually, but the most satisfactory is: half an ounce of arsenic in one gallon of soft water; with this preparation sponge the animal over; it will

not only kill the lice, but the eggs unhatched. To mix the arsenic, use a wooden pail, putting the arsenic in the corner and adding a few spoonfuls of water; rub the powder and water until a paste is formed, then add the water. This should be applied in a warm sunny day. An infusion of lobelia is also good. When colts are turned to grass, care should be taken that the hoofs should be shortened at the toe and the edges rasped off to prevent breaking and splitting, as well as to take off as much as possible the strain upon the back curbs of the legs.

Another important point in rearing colts is the practice of speaking to them in a gentle tone of voice and frequently handling them while by the side of the dam and after going to grass, taking care not to throw anything at them, but allow them to feed from the hand. Never shout suddenly or loudly at them. They are very sensitive and remember an injury or fright a long time.

I have practiced, on going to the pasture to look after them, taking a few oats in my pocket and allowing them to eat them from my hand. If several are together they will very soon learn to crowd around to get their share, and become very docile. If care is taken to be always kind and gentle, little is to be done in breaking except to teach them to draw the carriage, they having learned to nudge the bit when quite young.

Many may say, so much care will not pay. But if horses pay their rearing, they will pay the care necessary to fully develop them as early as possible. Stock that will not repay this care, is not worth rearing.

I have not offered the foregoing as the best plan, only the best I know, and hoping others may be induced to give us their experience upon these points.

I am truly yours,

Thos. S. LANG.

North Vassalboro', Dec. 6, 1859.

For the Maine Farmer.

POKE.

Mr. Editor:—It being correctly admitted that the hog is a self-sustaining animal, it is a matter of surprise that the farmers of Kennebec do not pay more attention to the raising of pork. They certainly can do so as cheaply as in any of the New England States, and can realize as much net profit as the raisers of pork in the Western States. That there is always a good and ready market for them in the river towns, is evinced by the fact that some of our cutters-up of hogs are in the habit of buying a large number in Boston for the purpose of supplying their daily customers—and that to the amount of tons at a time. Such should not be the case; and when it is recollected that Kennebec used to export round hogs to the number of thousands in a year, the farmers should take shame to themselves for the falling off in raising them. It is now, I think, generally conceded that pork can be raised, per pound, cheaper than beef, and that the net profit is greater. This can be demonstrated by any intelligent farmer—of which class Maine can boast of as large a number proportionally as any other State. It is to be hoped that they will obtain the most approved breed, and go into the business with a will, and carefully compare the result with the other productive branches of farming.

AGRICOLA.

For the Maine Farmer.

YIELD OF CARROTS.

Mr. Editor:—In the communication of Nov. 17, over the signature of A. H. J., there is a mistake in the size of the land on which the 904 bushels of carrots grew. I made the mistake in not giving the figures correctly. The land measured ninety feet, in length by forty-one in width, making thirty-nine square rods and 1504 square feet, or little less than one-twelfth of an acre. I have raised carrots on this same land for the last eleven years averaging 53 bushels per year for ten of the years. My method of cultivation has been to spread on one-half cord of green manure in the spring; plow the land twice, and harrow it smooth, and sow in rows seven inches apart, and keep them free from weeds. Last spring I did the same as above, excepting that I put on one cord of old barn-yard manure, and this fall I harvested 904 bushels, or 294 tons to the acre. The soil is loamy, and rather rocky. The whole expense of raising will not exceed nine dollars, and reckoning the carrots at 33 cts. per bushel, would come to \$29.94.

If friends Nickerson and Huntington's crops be as good, I shall try again next year.

W. F. FESSENDEN.

South Bridgton, Dec. 5th, 1859.

For the Maine Farmer.

BARLEY AND PORK IN MAINE.

Mr. Editor:—I raised the past season, upon three acres and twenty-five rods of land, from six bushels of seed, 1514 bushels of barley, weighing 464 pounds per bushel. The hogs were not kept on buckwheat shorts, but were fed with some of the above-named barley. The land where the barley was grown, was dressed with stable manure, and my cattle were bedded with buckwheat hulls from my grist mill. There—the cat is out of the bag: "Millers always have fat hogs."

Respectfully yours,

THOMAS FULLER.

For the Maine Farmer.

FANNING MILLS—QUEBEC.

Mr. Editor:—Please give a description in the *Farmer*, of the most approved mode of fanning machines—the one best adapted to ordinary purposes, or at least so considered by the farmers in your State. Yours truly, J. S. C.

Salisbury, N. B., Nov. 25th, 1859.

NOTE.

Since the introduction of horse-power threshers and cleaners, the fanning mill has gone much out of use. We will attend to our friend's query at our earliest leisure. In the meantime, if any of our friends have anything to say for the good of fanning mills, we should like to hear from them.—Ed.

For the Maine Farmer.

ANOTHER SOMERSET PIG.

Mr. L. H. Packard, of Norridgewock, killed a pig last week, 7 months and 22 days old, that weighed 345 pounds.

A SUBSCRIBER.

For the Maine Farmer.

LETTERS FROM THE PROVINCES.—NO. 10.

Mr. Editor:—Your readers must not infer from my account of the productions of these Provinces that they are limited to the coarser and harder kinds of grains and grasses, potatoes and pumpkins and such like necessities of life, and are destitute of the luxuries and ornaments of creation, such as fruit and flowers, poultry and peaches, grapes and strawberries, &c., for these abound in considerable abundance.

The Horticultural Association, in the city of Halifax are of sufficient importance to demand a brief notice from your correspondent; indeed his account of the country through which he has journeyed would not be complete without such notice.

The Horticultural Association, to which these Gardens belong, was formed in 1837, and incorporated by act of Parliament in 1847. The Gardens cover an area of 84 acres. They are situated near the city proper, adjoining the Common, just at the foot of Citadel Hill, and within fifteen minutes walk of any part of the city. The grounds are flat, wet and cold by nature, but, by the grace of industry, science and cash, they have been redeemed and brought into a very high state of productiveness. They were originally laid out and the improvements commenced by Mr. Croik shanks, a full-blooded Scotchman, and now the very efficient Superintendent of Woodlawn Cemetery in Malden, Mass. Mr. James Hutton, the present Superintendent, also a Scotchman, has laid charge of the grounds for a number of years past, and under his scientific and experienced hand they have been made not only to bud and blossom, but to bring forth fruit, for the service of men and maidens. All kinds of trees, adapted to the climate, both fruit bearing and ornamental, shrubbery and flowers, annual and perennial, are cultivated with good success; vegetables for the table, herbs for seasoning, fruits for desserts, and flowers for ornaments, are continually in the market from these gardens. Peaches, grapes and oranges ripen under cover, but the season is too short for them to mature in the open air. Fountains (one a pyramid, and the other a tiered one) are perpetually playing "fantastic tricks" in the wind and sunshine, before the hundreds who gather around them to witness their sportings and watch the graceful movements of the wooden ducks and geese that swim around their base, and never cackle to save the city from invading armies, nor the fruit of the garden from the roguish boys that lurk about to destroy.

These Gardens are opened to the public (for a small fee) on two afternoons of each week during the summer season, and on those occasions a full band, of the Queen's troops, discourses stirring music. The people seem to highly appreciate the liberal spirit of the Association, which opens to them its grounds and affords them so much instruction, amusement and festive enjoyment. Let me advise my Yankee friends who may chance to be in Halifax, to visit these Gardens, and spend an hour among the beauties of nature and art. Mr. Hutton, the superintendent, is every inch a gentleman, and will submit to any amount of Yankee curiosity and advice—answer all your questions—tell you how much ready cash the cabbage costs, and what they bring in the market, &c., &c. By all means, follow the crowd and visit the Horticultural Gardens!

On the 15th of September last, the "Society for promoting the growth of Fruit, Flowers and Poultry" held their first public exhibition, which was attended by a large number of visitors, and all things considered, was quite a success. I have attended similar exhibitions in the States, which could not boast much, especially in the floral department, over this one.

This Show was held in the Gardens just described. The arrangements were wisely made, and would, no doubt, have been carried out to the end had the weather permitted. Swings were erected for the juveniles—speeches made by the adults—tables were loaded with pyramids of flowers for the admiration of the public; and, a little way off, another table was groaning under its load of cakes and candy, pie and porter, cold ham and custards, for the hungry and thirsty—so that all classes and calibres were amply provided for!

The display of Flowers, both natural and artificial, was indeed creditable to the Exhibition, and to the climate in which they were raised. Dahlias, fuchsias, geraniums, and other specimens in great variety were presented, which had been brought to a very high state of development.

Of the Fruits, some fine specimens of apples, pears, plums, peaches and nectarines were shown, the size and flavor of which were pronounced by the judges of superior quality. Of the grapes I can speak with some authority, having received a cluster from the hand of the producer: They were a No. 1, Black Hamburgs!

Of the Poultry part of the Show, I cannot say anything very favorable. Blue Noes here, did not begin to compare favorably with his second cousin of Yankendon! Why, old Father Grimes' black hen would beat all that were here on exhibition. She was more commanding and indelible in appearance, and as to laying—did she not lay three eggs a day? And for the best of these only one egg per day, with an occasional double yolk, is all that was claimed. It is evident to my mind that the people of Halifax and vicinity have not yet turned their attention to this branch of industry and profit, and hence the meagre account of half filled crops at the late exhibition.

Your readers, Mr. Editor, will learn from this letter that the people of Nova Scotia are beginning to surround themselves with the luxuries of fruits and the beauty of flowers, as well as the substantial necessities of existence, and that the climate and soil are adapted to all these things.

It is the intention of the Society above named to hold annual exhibitions, award premiums, &c., all of which will tend to create a taste and begot an interest in the public for the promotion of the objects of the Society. The second exhibition will no doubt be an improvement upon the first. So mote it be.

G.

MOHAMMEDANS say that one hour of justice is worth seventy years of prayer. One act of charity is worth a century of eloquence.

For the Maine Farmer.

SHELTERING CATTLE.

At the beginning of winter, we wish to utter our earnest protest against the barbarous and wasteful practice of exposing cattle to the weather at this season. An impression has been made upon the minds of farmers in regard to this habit, and many have abandoned it. But there are still thousands of cattle among us that will have no shelter this season, but the loss of a stack-yard, a stone wall, or a wood. They will lie upon the ground, in the coldest weather, in snow-storm, and rain, shivering and growing thin upon the best of hay until spring. Multitudes of farmers have not sufficient barn room for all their cattle, or for all their fodder. They fill their barns; and then make stacks of one-fourth or one-half of their hay and corn fodder. This is a great inhumanity to the cattle, and a great waste of fodder.

With most men it is the result of thoughtlessness and ignorance. Their fathers kept their cattle in this way, and they have always practiced it and their cattle got through alive, and they have never seriously thought of the injury they were doing to the cattle and to their own purses, by the practice.

It is a very cruel and barbarous treatment of dumb animals, to expose them to the weather in this way. We put it as a matter of conscience to Christian men, to consider this inhumanity, and let it move their sympathies. These dumb creatures, that God has committed to our care, have substantially the same physical organization as the lords of creation, and are susceptible to pain from hunger and thirst, and from exposure to the extremes of heat and cold. Like man, they can endure cold while laboring, but when at rest they want protection from the weather as much as their owner. They may not suffer as keenly, but that they do suffer is evident enough to any one who will watch them on a cold winter morning, or during a storm.

They stand and shiver by the stack yard, their feet drawn together, and their backs arched so as to present the smallest surface possible to the keen blast. If left at liberty, they will seek the warm shelter possible, showing that they desire protection. When confined in open pens, in very cold weather, they are sometimes frozen to death. Even if their food is of the best quality, they must suffer keenly when kept at the stack-yard through the season. Yet good men, who would be ashamed to abuse their cattle with an ox-goad, or whip, or to wound and bruise them, subject them to this slow torture, for weeks and months. While they dwell in comfortable homes, and sleep with no sensation of cold, the dumb brute suffers through the long winter night. If any man doubts that his cow suffers, let him spend one of those zero nights at the stack-yard and decide for himself. This inhumanity has a hardening influence upon a man's heart. It imbrutes his nature to treat beasts with this habitual indifference to their welfare. It is his duty to study their habits and wants, and make them as comfortable as the habits of brutes require.

It is for the farmer's interest to do this. It is impossible to feed cattle from the stack with the same economy as from the manger in the stable. Much of the hay will be trodden under foot and so fouled that it will not be eaten. The waste from this source cannot be less than ten per cent, where good hay is used, and with corn-stalks, straw, or coarse fodder, it is from thirty to forty per cent. A great deal of wholesome food becomes litter, fit only for the dung-hill.

There is also a loss from the exposure of the hay, while in the stack. It takes all the rain and snow that falls, after the stack is opened, so that a good part of the time the cattle are fed on damaged fodder, that has lost a portion of its nutritive qualities.

But a still greater loss occurs in the increased appetite of the animal. This sharp appetite, which is so much prized by the advocate of the stack, is only the desperate effort of the animal to keep up the heat of the body by the greater consumption of food. Whatever the cause, the outward protection, must be made up by an increased supply of food. With the weather at zero, an animal would eat one-half less in a good warm stable than he would consume at the stack. Taking the season through, we think one-third of the food would be saved, and bring the animal out in the spring in much better condition. The body of an ox or ass is really a consumer of fuel as the stove in the farmer's kitchen. Every one can see the waste that must go on in the animal stove, from the increased consumption of fuel in the kitchen or parlor on a very cold day.

Nor is this the end of the loss, in this wasteful system. At the stack-yard at least one-half of the manure is wasted. In the stable it can all be saved. The manure, liquid and solid, indeed, all falls upon the land about the stack, but much of it is lost, by evaporation and by leaching away in the soil. It is not evenly distributed. A quarter of an acre in the most sheltered spot will be made very rich, while the rest of the field receives very little.

Here, then, we have four sources of loss by this practice; the fouling of the hay under the cattle's feet, the exposure of the hay to the weather while being fed out, the increased consumption of the hay by the exposure of the animals, and the waste of at least one-half of the value of the manure.

We think no one acquainted with the two systems of feeding—at the stack and in the stable—can put down the total loss at less than one-half the value of the hay. It may be worth twelve dollars, fed in the barn, it is worth but six at the stack. Or to put the thing in a different shape; if with his present crops a farmer can winter thirty head of cattle out of doors, he can winter twice that number with good stable accommodations. In the barn, everything can be run through the feed cutter, and all straw and coarse fodder can be passed through the stomach and impart its nourishment to the animal. Every one can see at a glance, what an immense loss occurs to our farming interests in this single item of bad husbandry. Many a farmer virtually throws away one, two, and three hundred dollars by feeding his cattle at the stack. What other pursuit, but farming, could endure such extravagant waste.—Homestead.

For the Maine Farmer.

County Shows.

EAST SOMERSET SOCIETY.

The Exhibition of this Society was held at Hartland, Sept. 13th, 14th and 15th. There was a fine exhibition of neat stock and horses. Sheep and swine were good in quality, but not large in quantity. The show of fruit was very small. There was a good display of articles in the ladies' department. The dairy products were excellent. There were on exhibition two hundred and eleven head of neat stock; eighty-six horses and colts; fifty-five sheep, and thirteen swine. The address was delivered by Sumner Hall, Esq. The following is a list of

PREMIERS.

Horses. Road horses, 1st premium, Horace Eaton, 21 1/2; 2d, Watson Blaisdell, 1 1/2; 3d, S. L. Galtier, 1 1/2; 4th, Israel Vining, 1 1/2; 5th, 2d; 6th, 2d; 7th, 2d; 8th, 2d; 9th, 2d; 10th, 2d; 11th, 2d; 12th, 2d; 13th, 2d; 14th, 2d; 15th, 2d; 16th, 2d; 17th, 2d; 18th, 2d; 19th, 2d; 20th, 2d; 21st, 2d; 22nd, 2d; 23rd, 2d; 24th, 2d; 25th, 2d; 26th, 2d; 27th, 2d; 28th, 2d; 29th, 2d; 30th, 2d; 31st, 2d; 32nd, 2d; 33rd, 2d; 34th, 2d; 35th, 2d; 36th, 2d; 37th, 2d; 38th, 2d; 39th, 2d; 40th, 2d; 41st, 2d; 42nd, 2d; 43rd, 2d; 44th, 2d; 45th, 2d;

The Muse.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest, but not bashful;
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple—ripe and sweet;
Not too young, and not too old;
Half inviting, half repulsive,
Now advancing and now shy;
There is mischief in her smile,
And danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature,
She has schooled in all her arts;
She has taken her diploma
As the mistress of all hearts;
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile;
O, a maid is something charming,
But the widow all the while!

Are you sad? how very serious
Will her handsome face become;
Are you angry? is she wretched,
Lonely, friendless, tearful, dumb;
Are you merry? how her laughter,
Silver sounding, will ring out;
She can love and catch and play you
As the Angel does the dove!

Yes old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bold and wise,
Young Americans of twenty
With the love-looks in your eyes,
You may practice all your lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little wider world,
Who could win and fool you all.

THE TWO PARTINGS.

We parted once before. You wept
When I rose up to go, you said,
You prayed for me, and I for you,
And little now, you know you did!

And now you are on that shore,
Which then you said, "thou shouldst, you did;
You loved me better then than now—
You craved things, you know you did!

Do you remember what the sea
Took you out to show you did;
You made a pretty simile,
You false of tongue, you know you did!

You sighed, "That life were like its crest
When sunbeams break the gloom," you did;
To catch the light before it fades,
You cold, cold heart, you know you did.

What have I now? You smile no more
On me as months ago you did;
You deny my home now a bore;
You liked it then, you know you did.

"How blue," you said, "were life and love
When I was truly 'I, O, I did!
But—thought I was an older son—
You utter this, you know you did!

—Once a year.

The Story Teller.

UNCLE ABEL AND LITTLE EDWARD.

BY HARRIET BECHER STOWE.

Were any of you born in New England, in the good old catechising, school-going, orderly time? If you were you would remember my Uncle Abel, the most perpendicular, upright, downright, good man, that ever labored six days and rested on the Sabbath. You remember his hard, weather-beaten countenance, where every blue seemed to be drawn with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond; his considerate gray eyes that moved over the objects as if it were not best to be in a hurry about seeing; the circumspet opening and shutting of his mouth; his down-sitting and up-rising, all of which appeared to be performed with a conviction afore-thought, in short, the whole ordering of his life and conversation, which was, according to the tenor of the military order, "to the right about face—forward—march!"

Now, if you have supposed from all this triangular of exterior that this good man had nothing kindly within, you are much mistaken. You often find the greenest grass under a snow drift; and though my uncle's mind was not exactly of flower garden kind, still there was an abundance of wholesome and kindly, vegetation there. It is true he seldom laughed, and never joked himself; but no man had a more serious and weighty conviction of what a good joke was in another; and when some excellent witicism was dispensed in his presence, you might see Uncle Abel's face slowly relax into an expression of solemn satisfaction, and he would look at the author with a certain quiet wonder, as if it was astonishing how such a thing could ever come into a man's head. Uncle Abel also had some relief for the fine arts, in proof whereof I might adduce the pleasure which he gazed at the plates in his family Bible; the likeness whereof I presume you never any of you saw; and he also such an eminent musician that he could go through the singing book at a sitting, without the least fatigue, beating time like a windmill all the way. He had, too, a liberal hand—though his liberality was by the rule of three and practice. He did to his neighbors exactly as he would be done by—he loved some things in this world sincerely—he loved his God much, but he honored, and feared him more; he was exact with others, but he was more exact with himself—and expected his God to be more exact still. Every thing in Uncle Abel's house was in the same time, place, manner and form year's end to year's end. There was old Master Rose, a dog after his own heart, who always walked as if he was learning the multiplication table. There was the old clock forever ticking away in the kitchen corner. There were the ever-falling supply of red peppers and onions hanging over the chimney. There were the yearly bollybuckles and morning glories blooming around the window. There was the "best room" with its sandal floor, and evergreen asparagus bushes, its cupboard with a glass door in one corner, and the stand with the Bible and almanac on it in the other. There was Aunt Betsy, who never looked any older, because she always looked as old as she could; who always dried her catnip and wormwood last of September, and began to clean house the first of May. In short, this was the land of continuance.

Old time never seemed to take it into his head to practice either addition, subtraction or multiplication on the sum total. This Aunt Betsy, aforementioned, was the nearest and most efficient piece of human machinery that ever operated in forty places at once. She was always everywhere predominating over and seeing to everything; and though my uncle had been twice married, Aunt Betsy's rule and authority had never been broken. She reigned over his wives when living, and reigned after them when dead; and so seemed likely to reign to the end of the chapter. But my uncle's last wife left Aunt Betsy a much less tractable subject to manage than had ever fallen to her lot before. Little Edward was the child of my uncle's old age, and a brighter, merrier little blossom never grew on the edge of an avalanche. He had been committed to the nursing of his grandmothers until he arrived at the age of indelicacy, and then my uncle's heart yearned towards him, and he was sent for at home. His introduction into the family excited a terrible sensation. Never was there such a commotion of dignities, such a violator of such high places and sanctities, as this very Master Edward. It was all in vain to try to teach him decorum. He was the most outrageously merry little elf that ever shook a head of curls, and he was all the same to him whether it was Sabbath day or any other day. He laughed and frolicked with everybody and everything that came in his way, not even excepting his solemn old father; and when you say him with his arms round the old man's neck, and his bright blue eyes and blooming cheek pressing out by the black foot

A BREAKFAST WITH SAMUEL ROGERS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

The person of all others whom I was anxious to see, in London, was Samuel Rogers, the poet of two generations, and the man of society. A presentation at court, or even an interview with the poet, was nothing in comparison with a morning with Rogers.

Mrs. Sigourney, the woman of all others whom I most sincerely honor, had sent me a kind letter of introduction to Rogers, thus linking the two persons I love best to remember in one pleasant thought.

Of course the first drive we took—for there were three of us—was to Mr. Rogers' house. We passed by the old red brick palace of St. James, and up St. James street, a very quiet neighborhood, filled with lordly residences which shut in one side of that heavenly spot, the Green Park. I should fancy the houses in that region were mostly occupied by people of distinction; and that death had been busy there, for in front of at least three of the dwellings we saw hatchments out and general signs of mourning, which gave something of gloom to the stillness of the street.

The house of Mr. Rogers was plain enough in its front. We have fifty more imposing dwellings in every street of New York, or Philadelphia, whose owners do a retail business down town; but still it gave you an idea of superior refinement, perhaps from the neatness of everything near, perhaps from the stillness that reigned around.

We rang the bell; a very gentlemanly young man came to the door, whose refined exterior gave you an idea of what the master must be. "No, Mr. Rogers was not at home."

We left Mrs. Sigourney's letter with cards, and drove away somewhat disappointed.

In less than an hour after our return to the hotel, a note reached us, one of the most delicately folded and delicately written notes I ever received.

"Would we do Mr. Rogers the favor of taking breakfast with him on the next morning?"

Of course we would! A few very brief words conveyed this reply; and so at ten the next morning, after a little embarrassment about the kind of coat to wear for a breakfast of this kind, which we had to choose a simple one, always sure to be correct in England, we started for St. James street. Again we rang, and this time the very gentlemanly servant, out of livery, admitted us into a broad, and almost square entrance hall, from whence a staircase of unpolished white marble led to the drawing-room.

At sixteen, in entering to a presence like that, my heart would have been in my mouth, and though somewhat familiarized with the presence of greatness, I felt it beating hard against my breast as I mounted the stairs and stood in the second saloon. Here a bewildering consciousness came over me of being surrounded by beautiful things; for the walls were covered with objects of virtue. Arranged on brackets and mounted in frames, Etruscan vases, statues and fragments of antique sculpture, met the eye at every glance. But we had no time for a second look; for, coming through the drawing-room door, was an old man, quite bald, except a few soft, white locks that floated around his temples and back of the head. He came forward with one hand extended, and with a bright, cordial smile beaming all over one of the pleasantest faces I ever saw. A father could not have received us more cordially. Without relinquishing my hand, after the first generous clasp, he drew it through his arm and led me into the drawing-room, where several persons were assembled.

In this room I began to realize how much of enchantment surrounded the poet in his home. The view from the great bay window, which swept in a semicircle across the lower end of the room, framed in a sketch of the Green Park, was absolutely enchanting. The grass was so richly green, the foliage of the great drooping elms so vivid! Indeed I never saw anything so beautiful in my life as that one picture of living green framed in a single window.

The room itself fifty people have described, yet I never obtained the slightest idea of it, or really of the old poet who stood smiling upon me, evidently pleased by the admiration I had no desire to suppress.

All we heard of the marble hall, that exquisite bit of sculpture resting on its cushion of velvet—of the pictures so carefully chosen from the best collections in the world—of the Etruscan vases, the gems of art, so minute and varied, that no one can describe them; but the arrangement, the harmony, and contrast, the exquisite effect produced by a mind full of poetic taste, no pen can describe. This is the perfume which lingers around a white lily, invisible, but felt in every sense.

The furniture of the room was of dark, heavy mahogany, upholstered with black, the carpet black, with a snow pattern of crimson running thickly over it. Everything of this kind was made subservient to the works of art that hung upon the wall. On the mantel-piece, which was of black marble, were two glass cases filled with wedding favors, knots of silver ribbon, and tufts of orange blossoms, all evidently a recent tribute. A bouquet of choice flowers filled a splendid vase on the table; and scattered around were numberless pretty and curious articles, all gifts from the host of friends who loved the good old man to his last hour.

All this time I had neither been seated nor taken off my bonnet; in fact, no one seemed to be aware that I had one on. So, as every one seemed free and easy, I laid my bonnet and mantilla on a chair, which everybody seemed to think a matter of course, and found myself chatting with the company present. One of them was a nobleman, and something better than that; another was one of the most learned men in England. In the pleasantest way imaginable, I remember, Mr. Rogers made a little effort to draw out my opinion of his pictures, but I took refuge in my inexperience and begged him to spare me, promising to be very wise and opinionative after I had studied the great galleries of Europe—a rash promise, for merely looking at pictures does not make one a judge, though half our traveled Americans seem to think so.

This frank disclosure seemed to amuse the dear old gentleman immensely, and he took great pains to point out the merits of his pictures, protesting that I knew a great deal more about the subject than my confession warranted, which was very polite, but not in the least correct.

I don't know how breakfast was announced. A gentle young fellow, in black, appeared in the door a moment, caught his master's eye, and glided away. The result was, Mr. Rogers gave me his arm, and led the way down stairs into a room below, corresponding in size and almost in appearance with the one we had left. The same broad, high window, framing in that Arcadian view, and giving glimpses of a flower garden close to the house, all in a glow of blossoms. The same display of table pictures, by the old masters, with a Sir Joshua and other modern gems. Here also was the heavy side-board, carved by Chantrey, when he first commenced his art, from Mr. Rogers' own design. On the oblong breakfast-table stood a splendid bouquet, the gift of some lady friend, under a glass case, which was not removed till we seated ourselves, when the

perme gathered under the case was set free and floated dreamily over the table.

Two young men, both evidently educated and intelligent, waited at the breakfast, filling the transparent china cups with delicious coffee, passing grated ham, tiny French rolls, and such but, with a quietness that made their presence almost unnoticed. The things I have mentioned, with boiled eggs, snowy as the napkin in which they rested, composed the heavier portion of the breakfast. Sweetmeats were introduced, with which Mr. Rogers occasionally fed his friend, a young lady on his left, from his own spoon, she receiving the gallant courtesy with a charming blush.

We remained at the table from ten till one, or rather around the table; for conversation followed close upon the coffee, and such conversation as one joins in but once or twice in a life time. Among the guests that morning was Mrs. Bage, a small, genial person, with light hair and a pleasant countenance; Sir David Brewster, tall, handsome, and benign, with a certain sweet gravity of conversation, that impressed you with a sense of innate power; and Mrs. Jamison, whom Mr. Rogers introduced to us as "the best judge of pictures in all England."

Certainly I never saw a woman more engrossed by any subject. She could scarcely find time to taste of the delicate repast, but soon turned her chair half way from the table, and began to decant on the crimson tints in the robe of a Madonna which hung before us—that rare crimson tint, which, she informed us, was now lost to the art.

Sir David became interested in the subject, and, at last, as absorbed that the two broke away from the general conversation, and lost themselves in a contemplation of the picture. This, after a little, seemed to annoy Mr. Rogers. He bent his head over his plate and muttered, "I hope they enjoy themselves," in a voice that he probably fancied unheard. Instantly some one put a direct question to Mrs. Jamison, which drew both her and Sir David back to the circle, evidently quite unconscious of any offence; at which Rogers began to smile again, and the conversation flowed on as before.

I don't know how it was brought about, but in a break of the conversation Rogers began to tell a story; it was a simple German tale of a woman who had been buried alive—who escaped from the tomb and returned home, where she found her husband anything more impressively told. We all sat breathless, listening, as the bereaved husband when he heard his wife's knock at the door. Just at this point the servant came in with a dish in his hand. Mr. Rogers had lifted his finger, and bent his head as one listens for an expected sound. The servant saw his attitude and stopped, motionless, on the threshold, where he stood like a statue, scarcely seeming to draw his breath. I never shall forget the thrilling effect of the poet's voice as he repeated, after describing the anxious attitude of the husband, "That's her knock!—that's her knock!" His voice was scarcely above a whisper, but it rushed the very breath on your lips.

When the story was done, and we began to recover from its effect, the servant left his frozen attitude and glided into activity again. Indeed it seemed as if this young person was a portion of the poet's own intelligence, for he seemed to understand the slightest look or motion addressed to him. Indeed, unlike any other English servant I ever saw, he hovered around the outskirts of the conversation, and was frequently referred to by both the master and his guests as authority regarding books and works of art. Most English servants make it a part of their duty to study immovability of countenance, till one almost forgets that they are anything more than well-appointed machines; but this young gentleman—in for in manners and intelligence he was all that a gentleman should be—followed the conversation with his eyes while he waited with his hands. He kept a record of Mr. Rogers' friends, of his reading engagements and correspondents; in fact, was a second mind to the good old man, who evidently regarded him more as a friend than as a servant.

I happened to speak of an English lady of high literary reputation, with whom we had dined the day before, who had spoken of Mr. Rogers as a personal friend. He did not at once recognize the name, and seemed doubtful if he knew the lady.

"Wait a moment," he said, "while I ring for my memory."

He touched a bell, and the young secretary-servant came.

"Do I know Mrs. —?" inquired Mr. Rogers, blandly.

"Slightly, sir," was the answer. "You met her at Lord N—'s. It was a dinner."

"Ah! yes, true enough, I do know her," said the poet, turning to me; "a charming woman, I believe!"

But of our dear home poetess, Mrs. Sigourney, he had a much more perfect recollection. He quoted her sayings and her poetry more than once during the morning, and complained with pleasant affectation of anger against the severe etiquette of her letters.

"Why she writes to me as if I were a saint, or a prince of the blood," he said, laughing, "not as a good old friend who would give the world to kiss her hand."

"But," said I, "you forget how much we all reverence and look up to you on our side the water—Mrs. Sigourney, above all others, whose beautiful character is half made up of homage taken off her bonnet; in fact, no one seemed to be aware that I had one on. So, as every one seemed free and easy, I laid my bonnet and mantilla on a chair, which everybody seemed to think a matter of course, and found myself chatting with the company present. One of them was a nobleman, and something better than that; another was one of the most learned men in England. In the pleasantest way imaginable, I remember, Mr. Rogers made a little effort to draw out my opinion of his pictures, but I took refuge in my inexperience and begged him to spare me, promising to be very wise and opinionative after I had studied the great galleries of Europe—a rash promise, for merely looking at pictures does not make one a judge, though half our traveled Americans seem to think so."

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I happened to speak of an English lady of high literary reputation, with whom we had dined the day before, who had spoken of Mr. Rogers as a personal friend. He did not at once recognize the name, and seemed doubtful if he knew the lady.

"Wait a moment," he said, "while I ring for my memory."

He touched a bell, and the young secretary-servant came.

"Do I know Mrs. —?" inquired Mr. Rogers, blandly.

"Slightly, sir," was the answer. "You met her at Lord N—'s. It was a dinner."

"Ah! yes, true enough, I do know her," said the poet, turning to me; "a charming woman, I believe!"

But of our dear home poetess, Mrs. Sigourney, he had a much more perfect recollection. He quoted her sayings and her poetry more than once during the morning, and complained with pleasant affectation of anger against the severe etiquette of her letters.

"Why she writes to me as if I were a saint, or a prince of the blood," he said, laughing, "not as a good old friend who would give the world to kiss her hand."

"But," said I, "you forget how much we all reverence and look up to you on our side the water—Mrs. Sigourney, above all others, whose beautiful character is half made up of homage taken off her bonnet; in fact, no one seemed to be aware that I had one on. So, as every one seemed free and easy, I laid my bonnet and mantilla on a chair, which everybody seemed to think a matter of course, and found myself chatting with the company present. One of them was a nobleman, and something better than that; another was one of the most learned men in England. In the pleasantest way imaginable, I remember, Mr. Rogers made a little effort to draw out my opinion of his pictures, but I took refuge in my inexperience and begged him to spare me, promising to be very wise and opinionative after I had studied the great galleries of Europe—a rash promise, for merely looking at pictures does not make one a judge, though half our traveled Americans seem to think so."

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perme gathered under the case was set free and floated dreamily over the table.

Two young men, both evidently educated and intelligent, waited at the breakfast, filling the transparent china cups with delicious coffee, passing grated ham, tiny French rolls, and such but, with a quietness that made their presence almost unnoticed. The things I have mentioned, with boiled eggs, snowy as the napkin in which they rested, composed the heavier portion of the breakfast. Sweetmeats were introduced, with which Mr. Rogers occasionally fed his friend, a young lady on his left, from his own spoon, she receiving the gallant courtesy with a charming blush.

We remained at the table from ten till one, or rather around the table; for conversation followed close upon the coffee, and such conversation as one joins in but once or twice in a life time. Among the guests that morning was Mrs. Bage, a small, genial person, with light hair and a pleasant countenance; Sir David Brewster, tall, handsome, and benign, with a certain sweet gravity of conversation, that impressed you with a sense of innate power; and Mrs. Jamison, whom Mr. Rogers introduced to us as "the best judge of pictures in all England."

Certainly I never saw a woman more engrossed by any subject. She could scarcely find time to taste of the delicate repast, but soon turned her chair half way from the table, and began to decant on the crimson tints in the robe of a Madonna which hung before us—that rare crimson tint, which, she informed us, was now lost to the art.

Sir David became interested in the subject, and, at last, as absorbed that the two broke away from the general conversation, and lost themselves in a contemplation of the picture. This, after a little, seemed to annoy Mr. Rogers. He bent his head over his plate and muttered, "I hope they enjoy themselves," in a voice that he probably fancied unheard. Instantly some one put a direct question to Mrs. Jamison, which drew both her and Sir David back to the circle, evidently quite unconscious of any offence; at which Rogers began to smile again, and the conversation flowed on as before.

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